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the social and heart expanding intercourse of friendship his usual and favourite drink was table beer; frequently would he pass the night, with no stronger stimulative to excess, charming and instructing the little circle of his admiring friends without the slightest advance to ebriety. But sometimes the officious zeal of his less discreet companions would supply temptations against which he was not sufficiently

on his guard: and towards the latter part of his life, his frame, undermined by the incessant ravages of disease, immediately betrayed those trifling indulgences, which it could ill sustain. Yet, in no moment of gaiety did he lose his reverence for the name of his Creator, and that loathing of obscenity already noticed: never did he swerve from his undeviating adherence to truth, nor ever was he known to betray a secret.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF THE FAMILIAR
EPISTLES.

(Not before published.)

THOU literary HARLEQUIN!
Whose mask brings safety to thy skin,
With patch'd and party-colour'd dress,
Made up of shreds of languages;
A taylor's hell of common-place,
Hoarded for all convenient cases;
Remnants and rags from 'hole of glory,'
And lumber of an *attic* story,
The Critic's cheap applause to win,
By treasure of an ass's skin.

Thy pocket-mem'ry serves to quote,
Thy wit, enough to point a note;
Thy learning, to make sizers stare;
Thy spirit, to lampoon a play'r.

Resolv'd to vent satiric spite,
Yet, pre-determined not to fight,
This TRUCER of the *pigeon-hole*,
Seeks a dark place to save his poll,
Then darts his poison'd shafts below,
With little vigour in the bow.

Without one manly, gen'rous aim,
Thine, is an effervescent fame:
Pungent, and volatile, and smart,
Distill'd from vitriol of the heart,
Thy verse throws round its spitter spatter,
The acid flash of soda water;
No juice divine, no racy drop,
That flames and mantles in the cup,
And shows the soil from whence it came,
Warm'd with the pure Phœbean beam.

Will the soft wing of flying time,
Drop odour on such stinging rhyme?—

O not for such, the hallow'd bays,
To memory dear, when life decays,
Nor such the verse of taste and truth,
The violet sweet of primy youth;
Youth, that with flag of hope unfurled,
Walks forth, amidst a garden world,

Bebolds each blossom of delight,
Fair to the sense, and full in sight,
While pleasure flows from ev'ry part,
And genial nature swells the heart.

Such scenes our youthful bard annoy,
He blights each bursting bud of joy;
The laurel round his temple strays,
To drop its poison, not its praise.
Such venom in the early page,
What will the *virus* be in age?

A sat'rist in his *vernal* years,
Like the first foe to man appears,
When, on the tree of life, he sat,
And croak'd out Eden's coming fate,
Her blossoms to be tempest-tost,
And paradise for ever lost.

Trust me, thy marriage with this muse,
Not long will drop hyblean dews;
Swiftly *must* change his honey'd moon,
Who woos and weds the low lampoon,
Swift shall his moon decrease and fall,
Succeeded by a moon of *Gall*.
The bile, tho' *splendid*, by degrees,
Becomes the Cynic's sore disease,
Works to the heart, corrodes unseen,
And makes his breast, the cave of spleen;
Till by a sort of moral trope,
The coxcomb turns a misanthrope:
His ruling maxim, and his fate,
Hated by all and all to hate.

Where'er he comes, his atmosphere
Turns the sweet smile into a sneer;
The quick, and ardent spirit of love
Congeals, and can no longer move;
Chill'd to the source of genial heat,
The pulse forgets its mirthful beat,
The flush of pleasure leaves the cheek,
The palsied tongue wants power to
speak,
The graces quit their mazy dance,
And stand, appall'd in speechless trance:
The voice of music, at its height,
Its airy wheel, and circling flight,

Drops, disconcerted, and distrest,
And sinks into its silent nest ;
All nature dreads the *caustic power*,
And beauty closes up her flower.

Take then in time, the wiser part,
Pluck this ill habit from the heart ;
Cast off thy wreath of Aconite,
From Cynic change to parasite,
In velvet sheath conceal thy claws,
And, with soft flattery, purr applause.
Employ thy pen in prattle-prattle,
And still be snake, but drown thy rattle ;
For satire still with all his cant,
Has more or less of sycophant.

Come forth, and dare the searching sun,
Nor like the base assassin, run,
Nor still remain, as now thou'rt seen,
The monster of a magazine ;
So shalt thou rise to worldly fame,
And borrow a sublimer name,
Than now you share with Johnson's wife,
A POISONER OF THE BREAD OF LIFE. X.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Written by a girl, only 13 years of age.

REJOICE, rejoice, the lovely child,
Has just escap'd a world of woe,
Clos'd are its eyes that beam'd so mild,
Oh ! let not tears of sorrow flow.
Its limbs were all convuls'd with pain,
It linger'd till the close of day,
Oh ! then a mother's tears were vain,
It sigh'd its little soul away.
That soul as white, as pure as snow,
To Heaven all spotless did return,
Oh ! then rejoice, feel no more woe,
It smiles upon you while you mourn.

Balitore.

AD SOMNUM.

SOMNE levis, quanquam certissima mortis imago,
Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori,
Alma quies, optata : veni ! nam sic sine vita,
Vivere quam suave est, sic sine morte mori.

TRANSLATED.

SOFT Sleep, best image of our final rest,
Come to my couch and close my drooping eye ;
How sweet with thee, oh ! ever welcome guest !
Lifeless to live, unbound by death to die.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

THE following verses are extract-
ed from a manuscript poem found
BELFAST MAG. NO. IV.

among the papers of a friend of mine, now no more. The subject is, Remarks on the Poets and Versifiers of this part of Ireland. As in some parts it alludes to names now almost forgotten, and in others, deals out censures in a manner, that many would think too severe, I do not wish to lay the whole before the public ; but as the passage I have selected is not liable to these exceptions, and relates to a person, who has excited no small degree of interest, not only in this province, but in the sister kingdom, I thought that it might not be unacceptable. It must be remembered, it was composed soon after the Poet, who is the subject of it, had written his verses on Commerce, which were handed about in manuscript some years before any intention of publishing his works was intimated. Had the book been published, probably the Critic's sentiments would have been somewhat changed.

The latter part has no particular connection with the former, but as it strikes at no particular person, and is merely intended to expose the absurdities of many of those Poets who figure in the corner of a Newspaper, it is annexed to show the spirit which pervades the whole. Yours,

AMICUS.

FROM genius in its mid-day blaze,
Let us avert our dazzled gaze,
To milder splendours turn our eyes,
And view young genius in its rise ;
For see, with emulation fir'd,
With true poetic flames inspir'd,
Young ROBINSON appears ; a name
Scarce enter'd on the rolls of fame ;
Yet on his birth the Muses smil'd,
And hail'd him as their favourite child.
Smit with his dawning infant charms,
They fondly nurs'd him in their arms,
And as they lull'd him to repose,
Their most melodious strain they chose ;
Then smil'd to hear the infant bard,
Lisping, repeat the notes he heard.

Hail ! reverend PERCY, sacred name,
Wilt thou my zeal officious blame ?
Wilt thou the proffer'd incense spurn,
That rises from my humble urn ?
Percy, whose keen research explord
The mines with ancient learning stor'd,
Op'd the recesses where they lay,
Neglected victims of decay,
And taught the modern poet's rhymes,
To chaunt the tale of other times.

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